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UNION LABEL

I thought of love (ah, very long ago!)
As a great force, an all-compelling might,
A white flame that made midday of the night,
A sudden dazzling, a splendid blow.
I thought of him as of some wondrous foe
Armed by the gods with menace and delight
To sway, to startle and to conquer quite
The too rebellious heart that dared him so.
Ah, that was long ago! Today, grown old,
I think of love as men think of sleep,
Yea, as man distracted thinks of rest
And tenderness of woman that may fold
Close arms about his wounds and bid him weep
Weakly and unashamed, upon her breast.
—Theodosia Garrison.

Life is a sort of underground subway, after all. There is light, it is true, but it is more of a flare than a light, and a man is not certain of his perspectives for fear that some changing shadow will wreck them.

It is said that Opportunity never knocks but once for each man. This is not true. She comes a hundred times, but in a different guise each time, and the unprepared laggard is not aware that it is she, until she is gone away.

One of the most remarkable conditions now prevails in nearly every school district in Umatilla county. In every district where new and increased facilities have not been recently added, it is necessary to make immediate additions. So rapidly has the school population of the county increased in the past three years, that the once ample school houses are no longer able to accommodate the swelling host of urchins—a crop almost as famous in Umatilla as her world famous wheat crop.

The United States could learn a valuable lesson from the Japanese troops. They are very abstemious in their diet. They are wonderfully neat and clean not only in their persons but in their surroundings. They eat but little meat and less liquor. They drink only boiled water. They indulge in constant physical exercise. They do not die from typhoid as the American soldiers did in the Spanish war, because they guard against it in every way. They are brave, patient, obedient; in fact, ideal soldiers. Yet we have been used to look down upon them as semi-barbarians at any rate far below the Caucasian race in advancement. Defeated or victorious they have won the world's admiration and esteem.

The East Oregonian does not know the Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hebrew nor Volapuk word for "grit," but it recognizes that supreme virtue whenever seen, and is always ready to give it due and deserved credit. In Pendleton are several poor boys who are securing an education under the most adverse circumstances, and yet they are in the front rank. You will find them sweeping out offices, stores and school rooms, before breakfast, in paying their way through school. After supper you will find them doing odd jobs, going errands, assisting in the holiday rush, doing extra clerical work or anything, respectable, that offers a small return, to earn money with which to buy books, keep up their appearance and provide the necessaries for their school work. At midnight you will find them burning oil, in preparing the lessons for the next day. These boys will graduate in time, with the highest honors, and will become the most useful and active citizens in any community in which they reside. This kind of grit will win. They should have encouragement, help, friendship, work—anything to lift them to the success they deserve.

NOW FOR THE GYMNASIUM.

The gymnasium committee of the Commercial Association having accepted Elbert Hubbard's terms for a lecture, some time in February, it now falls upon Pendleton to make this lecture the event of the season.

The attendance should fill the theater to the skylight, with some of the heads sticking out above the roof, if need be, to indorse, not necessarily Hubbard, but the boys who are making this self-reliant, self-confident, independent effort to raise funds for the installation of the gymnasium in the association rooms, without the aid of public subscriptions.

The gymnasium is all that is lacking to make the Commercial Association the rallying ground for every young man in the city, who craves elevating influences and self-improvement. The library cannot be equalled in Eastern Oregon, the social associations found in the Commercial Association are of the highest possible standard, the policy of the club is progressive, clean and uplifting, and all that is lacking to complete its perfection is the gymnasium.

No citizen of Pendleton should hesitate to assist in swelling the attendance at the gymnasium lecture, by Hubbard. The boys should be encouraged in their efforts to earn the money with which they will equip the gymnasium. In other places they solicit funds for this purpose, from the business men, who are always burdened by public charities. In Pendleton, the boys are going to earn the money, and everybody should help. Beside aiding the gymnasium fund, you will hear one of the best lectures ever delivered in Pendleton, by the most noted man on the lecture platform today.

You may not indorse all Hubbard says. He don't want you to do so, but you will be charmed, elevated, inspired by his thoughts, nevertheless. There are more original, spicy, terse, cutting flashes of wit and good sense in Hubbard's magazine, The Philistine, month by month, than any other magazine published. It is the reflection of the editor.

The terrible ruin wrought upon many helpless industries by the private ownership of railroads, is now forcibly shown in Colorado. In Northern Colorado are millions of pounds of new potatoes lying in cellars and hills, spoiling—becoming less and less valuable to the producers, because of the prohibitive freight rates on potatoes from Colorado to Texas, Indian Territory and Arkansas. In Colorado, these potatoes are not wort h10 cents per hundred, while in Texas and adjoining non-potato producing districts they are to-not worth 10 cents per hundred, dred, but cannot be shipped with profit, because of the high refrigerator car rates. If the government owned the roads, this calamity to both sections would be prevented. The Colorado producer would be enabled to ship at a fair profit, and the Texas consumer would not be compelled to pay exorbitant prices or go without this necessity. This same condition prevailed recently, in the California orange market. Because of almost prohibitive rates from California to the Eastern orange markets, the entire California market unloaded on Oregon, Washington and Idaho, last spring, causing the prices to go down in Pendleton to eight cents per dozen for a time, while in the Eastern markets, the same grade of oranges were selling for four times that price. The grower lost money, the East suffered famine and the nearby states were glutted with the ripening crop, making the conditions abnormal in every section affected.

Let the Japanese no longer lord it over the Chinaman. Let him no longer despise his Mongolian brother across the straits. It was a Chinaman who introduced letters into Japan—gave the kingdom of Nippon her first genuine taste of enlightenment. In the third century of the Christian era, while the Japanese islands were filled with barbarous warriors, slaying each other in fierce tribal frays, Wonin, a Chinese scholar, descended from the Han dynasty in China, introduced a Chinese alphabet into Japan, gave the Japanese a system of literature, and set them to keeping a sort of intellectual record, writing down their good thoughts, and preserving the sayings of the wise heads. Although Japan has a long record of her rulers, this was the first real intellectual awakening in the island kingdom. Her present alphabet and system of writing is descended from this original Chinese form.

Right is always unpopular among wrong-doers.

DRIFTWOOD.

Commenting on Wu Ting Fang's book, "As a Chinaman Sees Us," a critic says: The suave and genial gentleman from China does not seem to have missed many of our national weaknesses. Here are his comments on dinner table wit:

"A distinguished New York judge told the following: Two tenement harridans look out of their windows simultaneously. 'Good morning, Mrs. Moriarity,' says one. 'Good morning, Mrs. Gilfillan. How are you this morning? Not that I care a d——, but just to make conversation.' This was considered wit of the sharpest kind, and was received with applause."

* * *

Burns.

The daisy by his ploughshare cleft,
The lips of women loved and left,
The griefs and joys that weave the weft,
Of human time.
With craftsman's cunning keen and deft
He carved in rhyme.

* * *

A Virginia newspaper of 1821 relates this incident: It is not long since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of this state, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshments and spend the night.

He had been there but a short time when an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming a fellow guest with him at the same house. As the old man drove up he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress.

About the same time a further addition of three or four young gentlemen, all members of the legal profession, was made to their number. By one of these the conversation was presently turned upon an eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was upheld by the other that he had witnessed the same day a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion.

From 6 o'clock until 11 the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said, pro and con. At last one of the young men remarked that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, and wheeling round with some familiarity addressed the old gentleman, who had remained a silent auditor of the debate: "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

If, said the traveler, a streak of lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman, that he had ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection that every argument against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered—an attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the rainbow.

It was immediately a matter of curiosity and inquiry as to who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard; but no, it was the chief justice of the United States, John Marshall.

* * *

Skipper Tommy Lovejoy in "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," has this to say on a certain much discussed subject:

"Noi," said the skipper, "that I'll have a word said agin that woman, which I won't," said he, "nor no other. The Lord knowed what He was about. He made them with his own hands, and if He was willing to take the responsibility, us men can do no less than stand by and weather it out.

"'Tis my own idea that He was more set on fine lines than sailing qualities when He whittled His model. 'I'll make a craft for looks,' says He, 'and I'll pay no heed to the cranks she may have, hopin' for the best.' And He done it! That He did! They're tidy craft—Oh, ay, thy're wonderfully tidy craft—but 'tis Lord help 'em in a gale o' wind."

* * *

Bliss Carmen.

The mountain ways one summer,
Saw joy and life go past;
When we, who fared so lonely
Were hand in hand at last.

Till over us the pine woods
Their purple shadows cast,
And the tall twilight laid us
Hot mouth to mouth at last.

O hills beneath our slumber,
Or pines beneath your blast,
Make room for your two children,
Cold cheek to cheek at last.
Tutuilla, December 11.